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My broken angels

**brokenangels**

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Chapter 1 by Isabella Rose Nikle

I knew it was a bad idea. But I wanted to do it. I was going to test my wings. I was still a new guardian angel that fateful day. I didn't know what would happen to me when I jumped. And, contrary to most beliefs, angels can die.

Chapter 2 by Magnolia



Death may not be the right word though. Our life doesn't end, so to say, but it might as well with what does actually happen. When we jump from heaven without proper training we become what is commonly called a fallen angel. However, no one knew this at the time, no one was foolish enough to disobey orders and jump before they were ready.

But it was so tempting, I was the strongest in the training angels. I wanted to be the first to help a human. We are trained from creation that we are meant to love and protect humans. And that's exactly what I wanted to do. I wanted to go to Earth and help my first human. I wanted to see them smile and watch them be happy. I wanted it so badly. So I jumped.

My name is Lucy and I now live among the humans with clipped wings. I now realize why there is

an underworld. These humans are wretched beings. They destroy the good things that we give them and fill the world with darkness. I want to do now.

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Okay, I'll back up a bit. I jumped. I spread my wings and soared through the sky. I was flying! Everything at that moment felt so perfect and so right. I was off to Earth. Then I remembered. I hadn't exactly finished my training. I still had three more lessons to go. Whatever. That's what I thought, before this happened. Wind. Our last lesson was about controlling ourselves against the wind. Unfortunately, it was a windy day on Earth. I spun towards the planet, not knowing how to anchor myself. Its a good thing I was only about 20 feet from Earth, or I would of been smashed like a pancake. I landed in the grass. Phew, nothing broken. I stood up, brushed myself off, and scanned my surroundings. I saw a city in the distance. "Okay." I said aloud. "Not too far." I flapped my wings. Wait a minute... they wouldn't move. In fact, they weren't there.

Chapter 4 by adware



Well they were there, but I didn't know that at the time. They were clinging to my spine, defunct. I was accustomed to spreading them to their full span so in that moment I was sure that they had been ripped from my back and lost to the turbulence of my fall.

The last time I had walked had been on clouds. Clouds don't hit back like terra firma, even if you stomp on them. Never let it be said angels can't get cramps.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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